Singer

Pure Bathing Culture

My mirror remember
the folds in our feathers
the line and the measure
of the wings of
of the senderAnd all of this has
passed between us
to crack it open
and release usYouth was black and blue
but I'm a singer
and time is braided bands
But I would give you rings for every finger
and ribbons for your hair
And do surrender
my darkest endeavours
the fire and the embers
my mirror remembersThat all of this has
passed between us
to crack it open
and release usYouth was black and blue
but I'm a singer
and time is braided bands
But I would give you rings for every finger
and ribbons for your hairYouth was black and blue
but I'm a singer
and time is braided bands
But I would give you rings for every finger
and ribbons for your hair
Truth with black and blue
it tends to linger
like silver in your hair
But I would give you rings for every finger
and time is braided bandsYou catch it when you can
like silver in your hair

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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